

The Negro Sporting News

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#916

Mrs. Effa Manley,
c/o Newark Eagles Baseball Club,
71 Crawford Street,
Newark, New Jersey.

My Dear Mrs. Manley:

The talk Andy and I had with you and Abe at the baseball sessions was very heartening and I must say we would have been so appreciative of explaining something to the executives.

I am sorry we didn't have the chance. We need help and we hate going to certain other kinds of people when we know in this review of Sports we have the essence of something sorely needed throughout the country. We have the stuff, maybe not the staff. I am using the "Y", where I stay, for my New York office, until we find one downtown. We want to give baseball its right publicity, its statistics, but Mrs. Manley, Andy has to beg subscriptions to get fare from Washington and it breaks a fellow's heart to have to keep starving. We don't mind it some time. Baseball has been good to we sportwriters. Some more, some less. But even so, it has been good. But the owners must attempt to help us by buying subscriptions to go to rehabilitation centers and hospitals, and making efforts to vote money to send bona-fide representatives to the East-West game. Burley had to get his fare from Semmler. I got mine, in Cleveland, from Ernie Wright of the Buckeyes. These men have no right to bear the cross out of their pocket. You and Abe don't.

They have more money than most of us will ever dream of having. That doesn't mean they have to give it away, but so much good can be done. Andy and I will never get rich with the Sporting News. Fresh from the hospital, my life is at stake. I am not working and my income is gifts from friends, who can't keep on forever. Pop and I differ about so many things that I did when I was 20 years younger and are irrelevant to the strides I have made in the last 10 years. The family argument enters into it too. Personalities over he and Mom. I ask Dad for nothing, Mrs. Manley, because I don't think I should. He feels I was ungrateful before in my life when I needed them and he could be right. I keep plugging. I am not begging. I make it the hard way. Even in my condition I came to the Theresa just to see the owners and Wendell Smith and Art Carter. I am barely able to walk with an incision with 24 stitches with half my stomach gone. I don't complain. I want to do good. Jackson wants us to argue and plead our case at the Southern meeting. We will have to get to Nashville if we walk. Were two guys that would walk. We haven't ever (and I never have hopped on the owners) done baseball a discredit. We need all of the help anybody can try to give us. Please talk with Abe and see what can be done as far as the Eagles are concerned. We talk with Pompey and Semmler the same way. Its crushing our spirit.

Frank A. Young, Jr.